

\$500  
IN PRIZES.

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# The Girl in Blue.

## A Prince-Charming Romance Of Business Girl Life in New York.

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.



THE GIRL IN BLUE.

### CHAPTER I.

**The Missing Fortune.**  
"I am sorry but I cannot marry you, Mr. Clayton. Please don't distress us both by prolonging this scene."  
"You don't seem to understand," said the man incredulously. "I'm offering to marry you, to lift you out of poverty and make a rich woman of you. Any girl would think twice before refusing to marry a man like me. Take the offer while you can. You aren't likely to get a second chance."  
In spite of the coarse brutality of his words, the magnificent conceit that prompted the woman to refuse the offer was not hurt. She only laughed dangerously near the surface in Hilda Gilchrist's sunny nature.  
Despite her efforts at self-control the corners of her pretty mouth twitched. Observing the suppressed smile, Clayton's face went purple with rage. He noted that she was laughing at him.  
"I don't wonder you laugh!" he stormed. "It's enough to make any one laugh to think that Hilda Clayton, junior partner of the great law firm of Parks & Clayton, should stoop to propose marriage to one of the crowd of stenographers who strut about in the office. You would not believe it if I told you my offer. I would not marry you if you fell on bended knees and begged me to. And he added darkly: 'The time may come when you will.'"  
"I don't think my position as a stenographer in this office warrants you in insulting me," retorted the girl, coldly. All vestige of mirth was now gone from face and voice. "You did me the compliment—though in somewhat unbecomingly fashion—of offering yourself to me as a prospective husband. Because I did not care for you or respect you I refused. A gentleman would have accepted that refusal gracefully. But you behave as if I'd refused the crown jewels of England. You also take ad-

vantage of my subordinate position here to insult me. If—"  
"You forget all that you owe to me," blustered Clayton. "When your uncle died and left you a beggar, what would have become of you if I hadn't taken pity on you and gotten you a job here as a stenographer?"  
"I have already tried to prove my gratitude. Though, to be frank, it was perhaps only a fair return for the many kindnesses and the financial help showered on you by my uncle when you were a poor law student. Also, while we are speaking frankly, you must pardon me if I express a doubt that your desire to marry me is wholly due to love. You know as well as I that my uncle was reputed to be wealthy, that when he died and left so little there was a general belief that he had secreted a vast fortune somewhere. From things you have said I know you are trying to get on the track of that fortune. If I were your wife you might gain control of it all when it was discovered. Ah! I knew I was right in my guess. Your face proves it."

With an effort Clayton repressed the start and change of countenance that the girl's exposure of his motives had induced.  
"What rot!" he growled. "I never thought your old miser of an uncle had any fortune to leave. He lived up to all his income, and probably used up every cent of his principal, too. If he hadn't, why should he—a supposedly rich man—have made his niece and sole heir learn stenography and typewriting? Why should he have left her nothing but his old typewriter and a scribbled scrap of paper with idiotic marks on it? Why?"

"Stop!" cried the girl. "I'll let no one speak lightly of him. He was the best man I have ever known. He made me learn stenography because he had a theory that every woman should be able to make her own living and that no woman's character could be really formed until she had had to work for her daily bread. He used to say that no one could properly administer wealth who had not first suffered poverty. By fair means or foul I'll win you both."

"Excuse me," said a voice from the door. "Mr. Clayton would like to speak to you, Mr. Clayton."  
At the first words a slight flush had awakened in her large eyes.  
Hilda Clayton, senior partner of the great law firm of Parks & Clayton, should stoop to propose marriage to one of the crowd of stenographers who strut about in the office. You would not believe it if I told you my offer. I would not marry you if you fell on bended knees and begged me to. And he added darkly: 'The time may come when you will.'"

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"Mr. Bruce!" she exclaimed confusedly. "I-I didn't know—I thought you had gone with Mr. Clayton, and—"  
"You are unhappy about something," said Bruce, gently. "I don't want to intrude, but is there nothing I can do to help you?"  
"No, thanks," replied Hilda, with a forced laugh. "It was very foolish in me to give way. But sometimes—"  
"Sometimes everything goes wrong," finished Bruce, and who must have day and night to make a bare living sometimes forget to be grateful that we are allowed to live. The same sort of

### REJECTED!



centric, strong character, and read, half aloud:  
HILDA! Do not think hardily of me. What I have done is done for the best, as one day you shall know. Rely for a living on your typewriter. Remember this. When life is hardest turn to it. In due time you shall be rewarded. You are left-handed. When in doubt, therefore, always look to the left. Look to the left. To the left!"  
"The man must have been crazy," thought Bruce. "This reads like the veriest nonsense." But he read on:  
Obey my instructions and in due season let these letters be your guide:  
SH-DE-VP-N6570.  
Do not lose this letter. Do not part with your typewriter. Do not sell the hut at Fordham.  
"What do you make of it?" asked Bruce, after reading and rereading this odd epistle.  
"I don't know. Those letters and numbers sound like a cipher of some sort. But, though I've studied them over and over, I can't make anything of them."

st attacks me sometimes. I am a man and I can stand it. But it's hard that all the luck should run against a little girl like you. And you're so brave and cheerful through it all, too. I've heard a little of your story—how you were brought up in luxury by your uncle, Mr. Clayton, the inventor; and how at his death you were forced to face the world alone and bring from it a livelihood. I can't tell you how we all admire and respect you for the gallant fight you are making. I don't want to seem officious—"

"You aren't officious. It's awfully good of you to care. But I deserve no praise. The fight I'm making is no more than that made by every other one of the twenty girls here—any one of the thousands of plucky working girls in this great mercantile city of ours. Besides—"

"Besides?" she echoed inquiringly, as she paused.

"Well," she went on reluctantly, "I don't want to bore you with my personal affairs, and I've never talked of them here at the office. But I've a sort of feeling that this ordeal I am going through was planned by my uncle to test and strengthen me; and that some day I shall find his fortune. I know it's a foolish dream, but—"

"It isn't foolish," contradicted Bruce. "I place more credence in a good

Solve the Cipher. \$500 in Prizes.  
First Prize.....\$50  
Five Prizes, each..... 10  
Seventy Prizes, each..... 5  
Twenty-five Prizes, each.... 2

woman's intuitions than in the wisest man's logic. Would you mind telling me about it?"  
A grateful glance from under the long dark lashes rewarded his faith in her premonitions as Hilda answered him.  
"My uncle was supposed to be rich. When he died his will declared me the sole heir to all his real and personal estate. Yet all the estate that could be found was a little hovel on near Fordham that had once been transferred to him in payment of a bad debt. In his strong box was found a letter addressed to me. I always carry the letter with me, though I can make little enough sense of it."  
"Perhaps I might be able to help you. If I can—"  
Touched by the evident sympathy in his voice, Hilda was already drawing from the front of her skirt waist a much-thumbed piece of paper. Unfolding it carefully, she avoided bearing the crosses, she laid it on the table, and the two heads, yellow and black, bent over it.  
Jack Bruce readily deciphered the ec-

can make nothing of them."  
"May I copy them, please? I'd like to try my hand at working out the puzzle," "Certainly," she assented, pushing a pad and pencil toward him.  
He made a careful copy of the line: "SH-DE-VP-N6570."  
"It is hard that you should not be permitted to sell the Fordham hut the owner of," said Bruce, as he folded the sheet of paper on which he had made the copy. "Land up there is more or less valuable and the proceeds might help you."  
"The hut is in the woods, off the regular road," she replied. "It stands on only a quarter acre of ground, and it's a miserable little hovel. It wouldn't bring much. Besides," she added, "even if it were worth a fortune I wouldn't part with it against my uncle's will. He did everything for me, and I've always tried to obey his every slightest wish. I carry that obedience to a point that may seem absurd. For instance, blue was his favorite color. He always used to want me to dress in blue. So, after his death, as soon as I laid off my mourning, I went back to blue. It is the only color I ever wear. People laugh at me for doing this, but it was uncle's wish. Do you think I am foolish to continue to carry out his desires?"



most becoming color you could possibly have chosen to set off hair and complexion like yours."  
She blushed slightly at the compliment and was about to reply when a glimpse at the clock startled her.  
"The lunch hour will be over in ten minutes," she cried. "I stayed in this room to finish some extra work. I must go and turn it over to Mr. Clayton before I lock it."  
Bruce followed her from the room, his eyes resting tenderly on the queenly little head and graceful figure of the girl in front of him.  
For months all the many pretty girls employed by Parks & Clayton had seemed but shadows to him compared to the one glorious woman on whom he lavished all the ardent power of a strong man's first love. Little by little Bruce had become acquainted with

Solve the Simple Cipher in This Story and Win Some of the \$500 for Xmas Money.

A SIMPLE, easy cipher will be found in one of the twelve chapters of "The Girl in Blue." You are expected to solve that cipher and write the solution in the blank given below. The cipher in question is not the one given in the first instalment, but is longer and appears in a later chapter. In other chapters besides that which contains the cipher hints as to its solution will be scattered. So it is necessary for the reader to follow the entire story. There are many ciphers in existence, but the one which competitors are here shown consists of the using of figures for letters. Four words will be given as a start in the key, and the other letters of the alphabet not found in these words will follow. By the exercise of a little thought and ingenuity the cipher may be readily translated. The story will end on Saturday, Dec. 19, and answers will be received up to noon of Monday, Dec. 21. Fill out this blank and send it to "Girl in Blue Editor of Evening World, P. O. Box 1354, New York City."

SENDER'S NAME.....  
SENDER'S ADDRESS.....

Hilda Gilchrist, and his love, stronger because silent, had grown stronger day by day.  
Never before, however, had they been on such confidential terms as during the interview just recorded. Bruce's heart throbbed with a wild, daring hope.

## Forsythe's Suit Department This Week.

The balance of entire line of Tailor made Walking Suits in Tweeds, Cheviots and Fancy Mixtures,  
**\$22.50.**

The regular prices of these Suits range from \$28 to \$34.

Genuine bargains; all beautifully tailored and very stylish.

Fitting and alterations at short notice.

**JOHN FORSYTHE,**  
THE WAIST HOUSE,  
865 Broadway, 17th and 18th Sts.

### Amusements.

**AMERICAN THEATRE**, 424 St. B'way, Eves. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:15. BARGAIN MAT. WEDNESDAY, 25c & 50c.  
**SECOND WEEK**  
The biggest hit New York has ever known  
"Our New Minister" scores a success!  
"The comedy hit of the year."—World.

## OUR NEW MINISTER

By Denham Thompson and George W. Ross. Authors of "The Old Homestead."  
"Scored a hit."  
"An emphatic success; won 9 curtain calls at the end of each act."—Tribune.  
ON SALE 4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

### NEW EMPIRE THEATRE

Eves. 8:15. Mat. Sat. 2:15. B'way & 5th St. MAUDE ADAMS  
HERALD SQUARE THEATRE, 38th St. LAUGHING GIRL  
TO-NIGHT AT 8. THE GIRL FROM KAY'S  
DANCING GIRL  
SINGING GIRL  
MUSICAL GIRL  
GORGEOUS GIRL  
WITH SAM BERNARD

### GARDEN THEATRE

TO-NIGHT AT 8. THE GIRL FROM KAY'S  
DANCING GIRL  
SINGING GIRL  
MUSICAL GIRL  
GORGEOUS GIRL  
WITH SAM BERNARD

### SAVOY THEATRE

Eves. 8:15. Mat. Sat. 2:15. B'way & 5th St. MAXINE ELLIOTT  
CRITERION THEATRE, 44th St. & B'way. Wm. Fay's "The Prisoner"

### GARRICK THEATRE

Eves. 8:15. Mat. Sat. 2:15. B'way & 5th St. Whitewashing Julia Fay Davis

### HUDSON THEATRE

44th St. & B'way. Marie Tempest  
THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO  
and Co. including LEONARD BLYTHE.

### Vaudeville Theatre

44th St. & B'way. WALLACE'S  
GEO. ADE'S GAIETY COMEDY THE  
The Laughing Hit—World.

### COUNTY CHAIRMAN

14th St. Theatre. Near 6th St. Eves. 8:15. Mat. Sat. 2:15. THE 3 WESTONS  
Bully Carter and others.

### PASTOR'S

The World's Trio, Jas. R. Donovan. The 3 Westons. Bully Carter and others.

### WEBER & FIELDS

30th St. & B'way. WHOP-DEE-DOO.  
Next Thursday Eve. 8:15. THE WAFFLES

### GRAND Queen of the White Slaves

### Amusements.

The Town Is Ringing with Its Prizes

**NEW AMSTERDAM**, 42d Street, West of B'way.

"NOT MERELY A HIT—A SENSATION!"

**MOTHER GOOSE**

"Surpasses anything before attempted in New York."—Herald.

MATINEES WED. & SAT. AT 2.

**BROADWAY THEATRE**, 41st St. & B'way. Eves. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:15.

**FRITZ SCHEFF** BABELT.

NEW YORK Eves. 8:15. Mat. Sat. 2:15. LAST WEEK

**BEN-HUR**

DALY'S THEATRE, B'way & 34th St. Eves. 8:15. Mat. Sat. 2:15.

A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE.

**VICTORIA**, FRANK DANIELS

"The Office Boy."

**PROCTOR'S** To-day, 25c, 50c.

23d St. & B'way. HURTIG & SEAMON'S

5th St. & B'way. "The Sword of the King"

58th St. & B'way. "To Be Buried Alive"

125th St. & B'way. "The Great Tilly"

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## RED HAIR GIRLS MAKE GOOD WIVES

THESE are the days of the girl with red hair—fiery red, not auburn, says a writer in the Chicago Chronicle. It is very seldom that one encounters an old maid with red hair. All girls with such tresses are snatched up by wife hunters before they have lived long enough to become old maids. People of large experience and wide observation declare that as a wife a girl with bright locks is a success, if you catch a mild one. She makes her home a bright, happy place. She is warm-hearted, affectionate and demonstrative. She is buoyant in spirits, her nature being as bright as her hair. She is amiable and, as a rule, she is cleverer than her dark-haired sister. The brighter her hair the cleverer she is. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but they only prove the rule.

Another reason why she of the copper-colored tresses has such a fascination for man is that she is never left to pine in solemn singleness as that who is apt to be a good cook and a good dressmaker. Her taste in clothes, however, is not always of the best. She has a leaning to bright colors, although she looks best in black and white, which she seldom wears.

Not only does she like bright shades, but odd conceits in gowns and showy jewelry. She is not the woman who enjoys dark grand rooms. She prefers sunlight, bright and bright-colored rugs, hangings and upholstery. She is seldom grim while cleaning, she is not often tedious.

While she often has the gift of rhythm and versification, she is apt to be a good mathematician and to keep the family accounts square.

Men who know all this from experience declare that it is a pity that the supply of red-haired women is not greater. As a matter of fact, it is very limited. Only one woman in forty with hair of shades of Titian red exists in civilized countries.

In Spain, for example, a woman with red hair is so seldom seen as to be considered a great beauty, no matter what her complexion, the shape of her nose or the tone of her voice.

In China they have no bright-haired women, or so few that one with brightly gleaming locks is regarded with wonder and awe. In New Zealand a red-haired woman is considered as on the right road to paradise.

On the other hand, in Egypt the red head is regarded with aversion. The ancient Egyptians were so violently opposed to hair of this tone that once a year they burned a maiden who possessed bright locks, in the hope of exterminating or lessening what they considered a curse.

Sentimentalists, people of the carrot-head type have a vast advantage. They are less liable to baldness than those who own brown or black hair. The reason thereof is that one red hair is as thick as three dark hairs. With 70,000 red hairs the scalp is well thatched. With the same number of dark hairs a person is almost bald. The average number of elements that the brunette belle has to comb and brush is 100,000.

## OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

"Is your new nurse French or German?" asked the visitor.  
"I think her's broken English," replied three-year-old Margie.  
"Come, Harry," said his mother, "it's time all good little boys were in bed."  
"But, mamma," rejoined the little fellow, "you said I was naughty to-day, so that lets me out."  
Little Dorothy was visiting in the country last summer and, seeing a black, red and white calf in the barn, she ran to her mother and said: "Oh, mamma, come out to the barn and see the cute little cow with a calico skin!"  
Mamma—Johnny, do you know what day to-morrow will be?  
Johnny—Yes, mamma; my birthday.  
Mamma—And what would you like for the occasion?  
Johnny—(after a pause)—I'd like to see our schoolhouse burn down.—Chicago News.

## The Home Dressmaker—By Mme. Judice.

**"Swell Tailored Skirt."**  
Dear Mme. Judice:  
PLEASE give me an idea for a swell tailored skirt of black broadcloth. Something stitched and pressed and trimmed in buttons. A. B. C.  
One of the smartest models shown this season is the four-gored skirt with inverted plait below the knees. The illustration shows the plait, in centre, front and side, and the same treatment is used in the centre back where it fastens. Its particular beauty depends on the stitching and pressing. The button scheme may or may not be used as preferred. The model had tiny tulle silk buttons and blind eyelets or loops of fine satin cord.

### A Long-Waisted Effect.

KNINDLY advise me how to make a longer waisted. Am 5 feet 2 inches in height, 37 bust and 26 waist, and rather short waisted. Have a nine-gored skirt pattern. Would like either voile or poplin. Do you think poplin stylish enough? Would like either blue trimmed with white or black with white rather fancy.

### NEW FOUR-GORED SKIRT DESIGNED FOR A. B. C.

combination? I am thirty-two years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall, bust 44, waist 32. Skirt length in front, 41 1/2 inches.

### Waist of Persian Design.

PLEASE suggest a pretty design for a included sample. I have two yards thirty-six inches wide. Have dark hair, high color, 34 bust, 24 waist and am about 5 feet 3 1/2 inches tall. I am making over a seven-gored skirt. What would you advise about the lining? Should I make a drop skirt or line it throughout?

### Stained Velvetten.

PLEASE advise me how to make a black velvetten, caused by the spilling of tea partially mixed with milk.

### Black Brocaded Suit.

HOW can I make a black broadcloth suit, and how many yards of cloth will it take? I am 5 feet 2 inches tall, 35 bust, 29 waist and 41 hips and am forty-five years old. I would like something in a short, stylish jacket.

### Interlining for Coat.

What can I use for an interlining in a light-weight black cheviot coat of three-quarter length? Would you

advise tailor canvas or genuine hair cloth? And ought it to be lined to the extreme bottom?

Two ways—one on the crownway, the other up and down of the cloth. In doing this you prevent any crinkling or creasing. It should be placed across the shoulders and bust to the waist line in front.

Four yards of broadcloth should be sufficient, as it is very wide.

A Black Velvet Jacket.  
Dear Mme. Judice:  
I HAVE a good and white corded silk, and would like to remodel it for evening wear. It is trimmed with very fine black applique. I would like to combine it with white chiffon, using a great deal of the white, as the waist is so cut that I will be able to use very little of the silk. Can you suggest something prettier or newer than the ordinary round yoke of white?—G. L.

Why not have an entire blouse waist and full sleeves of white georgette or plaid chiffon over white, and use your silk out in long Van Dyke stripes reaching from the shoulder to waistline, with small points down and leaving wide spaces between to allow the chiffon to show? Lay your black appliques in a set design on the wide portions at the top of the waist and sleeve and edge each strip with a narrow black edge. This idea is most effective and gives you something entirely new and an opportunity to use small pieces of material to splendid advantage.

Corded Silk Shirt Waist.  
Dear Mme. Judice:  
PLEASE advise me how to make a shirt waist like sample. Would you hang any lace on it?

Mrs. E. N. H. Plainfield, N. J.  
I don't think I should use lace on your stay and white corded silk; it is quite dressy enough in itself for a shirt waist. But the design of making depends on your figure, and you failed to give me